Oh, Not My Own These Verdant Hills
KALSARI L. M.

1. Oh, not my own these verdant hills, And fruits and flow'rs, and stream, and wood;
2. Oh, not my own this wondrous frame, Its curious work, its living soul;
3. Oh, not my own the grace that keeps My feet from fierce temptations free;
4. Oh, not my own; I'll soar and sing, When life, with all its toils, is o'er,

But His who all with glory fills, Who bought me with His precious blood.
But His who for my ransom came; Slain for my sake, He claims the whole.
Oh, not my own the thought that leaps, Adoring, blessed Lord, to Thee.
And Thou Thy trembling lamb shall bring Safe home to wander never more.

Words: Samuel F. Smith D. D.
Music: Caryl Florio

PDHymns.com